

KAMOG! KAMOG!  
KAMOG!



Free  
Market!

The Politics of Emancipation



INAPPROPRIATED

Press

After MAF 2016  
Edition!

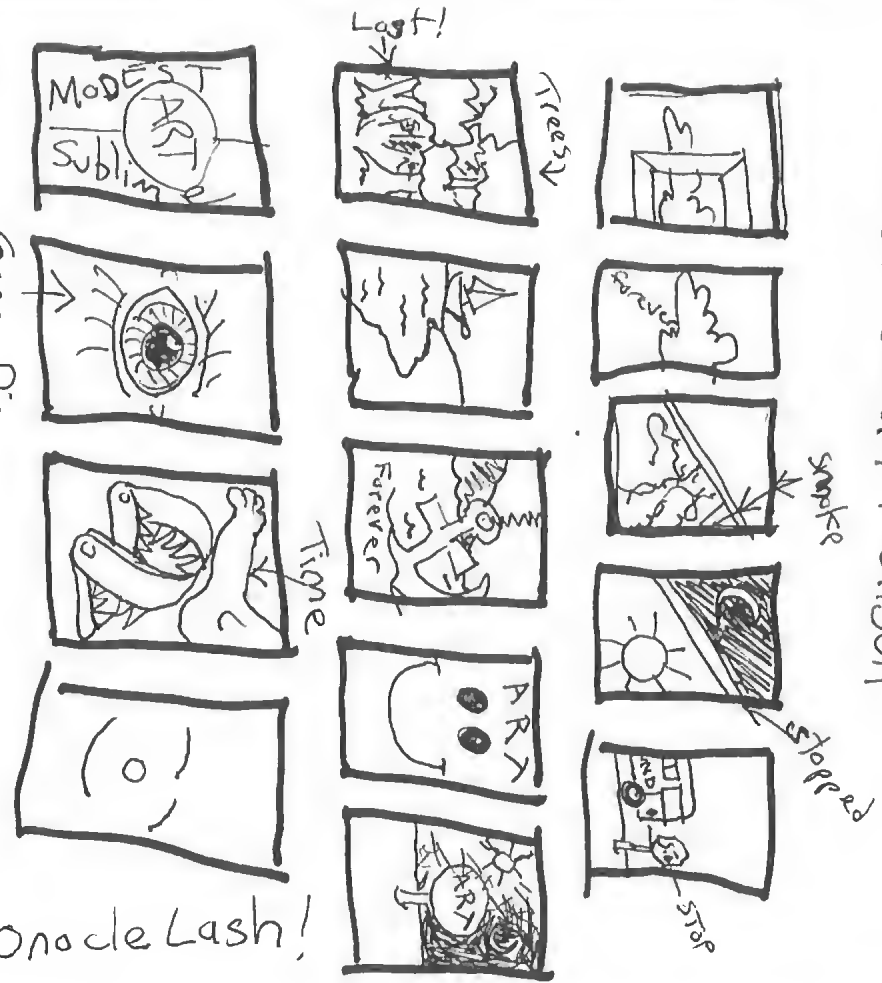
#3

(a.k.a. Broken Computer Issue)



That's dumb but in August see Vol. 3 of my translation of the Prelude - It's BORING And Tite.

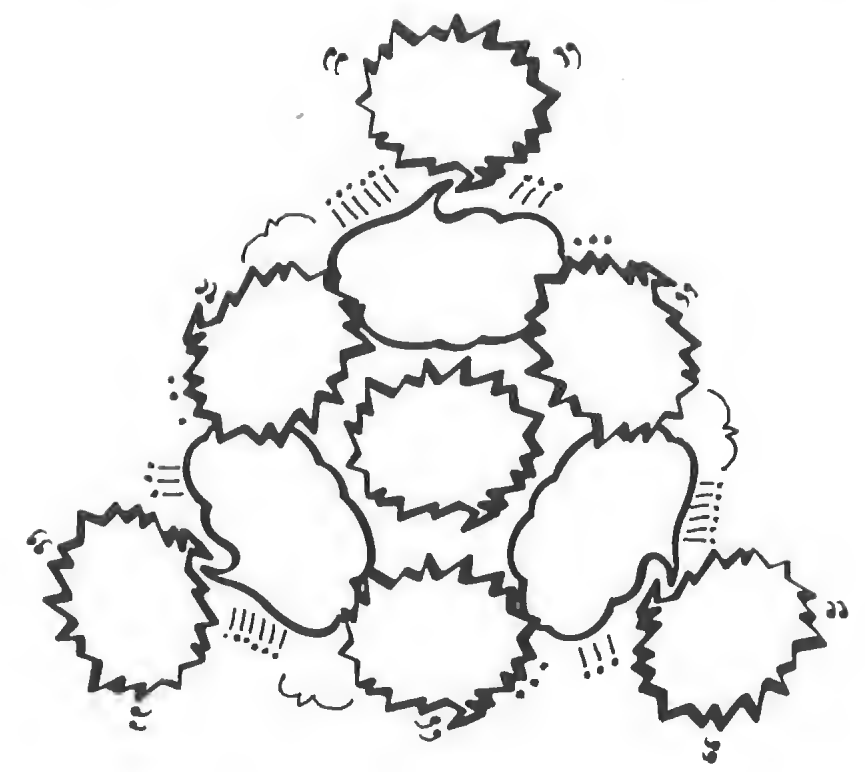
Gonna Die



"Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture" translated into pictures by Fast Sedan Nelson

Pluenta? Tea - ANNASay ENdigo  
MA Eh Onicco co - co - kua  
Oh yeah / OOOH yeah...  
Ta Ta Ta Tey - Finika  
Say faliyah Oh!  
HAI Tay tattie  
Nea Ah Ro!

-C. Mehrl Bennett



by Megan Blafas-Chriss

# FUCK

**"Don't let m-i-fuc"**

## YOUR FUCK IS AT STAKE

HOW YOU CAN KEEP FUCKBO OUT OF YOURE TAIN

- 1 VOTE on June 23rd**  
Mark a time in your diary on June 23rd when you will go and vote.
- 2 VOTE on the poster inside**  
Show your support to your friends and neighbours by putting this poster in your window.
- 3 VOTE on your friends and family**  
Those close to you will trust your views more than those of politicians and newspapers.

by Joe Abel & Amy Oliver

Queen Anaitais-je dire?

"e-dimming shad"  
-Cabell, Jurgen.  
- \*^\*  
"emel chache ce s"  
-Racine, l'hèdre

"Deautiful, even un er?  
sang ar où commm'offenser.  
you have (phant too w colère!  
that whicyeurs cessema mère!  
equi curious coral nsée

"No mus! Ô fatalûtes laissée!  
you will p was not wise, whel ennui  
thatels égaremeujourd'hui?

"I shall do te Lëshy, to put ag déplorable

"Tlions-les, Made.  
true to yotten that. and now yours?  
does you i ilence étrs.  
Now I tand: and eq qui?  
herself." a sœur, dhorreurs.

by Olchar E. Lindsann



Jenifer Gelineau @ Art Rat  
by Wilhelm Katastraf





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Recognise any of these  
**angry Trumps?**

BETTER OUT THAN IN

FACTS

there may not be another chance to vote for years.

The EU costs us £350 million a week.

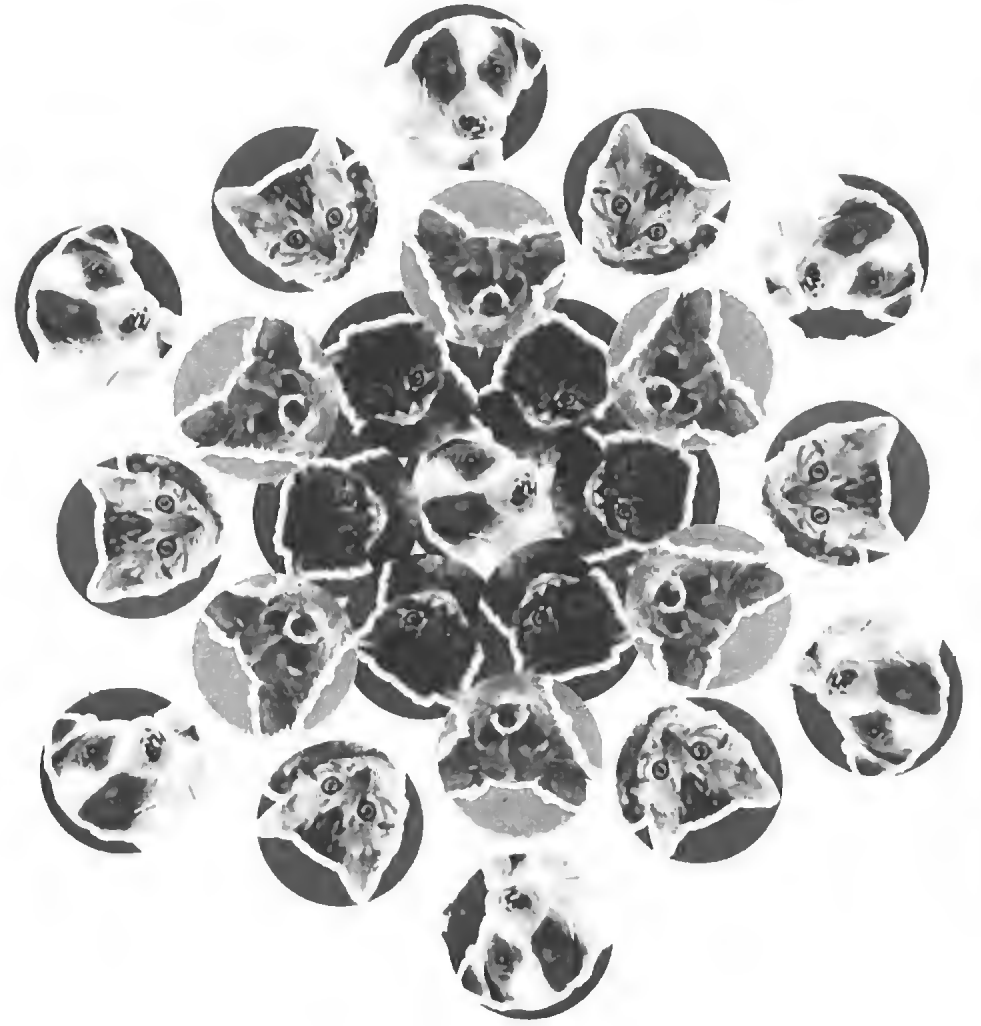
new NHS hospital every week of the year.

potential benefits

Albania

by Amy Oliver & Joe Abel

by Musicmaster  
C.Z. Lovecraft, Haddock,  
Lord Fugue, Zlatko Krstevski,  
Brandon Haney & sèle mersaglie



by Megan Blafas-Chriss



Inclassico anNOY, Huh! Oui otuitti too-tae-tah...  
NanNINico Blassie PAH? Pah - Pah!  
OoopaNAY - Ha! Indigo tu wha!O  
Oh, noSAY - Ha! Nelio tu-tu-tu  
En Chafika tway twAh  
TwAT! Ahhhhhh  
Hatigo...Fah!

-C. Mehrl Bennett

John M. Bennett



## Zine & Publication News

mOnocle-Lash recently published a few poems by Olchar Lindsann in a little chapbook called *Meat Risk*.

A new periodical, *Revenance: A Zine of Hauntings From Underground Histories*, dedicated to the history of 19<sup>th</sup> Century countercultures and edited by Olchar E. Lindsann, is being launched by Revenant Editions. Contact [monoclelash@gmail.com](mailto:monoclelash@gmail.com) or [olindsann@gmail.com](mailto:olindsann@gmail.com) for details.

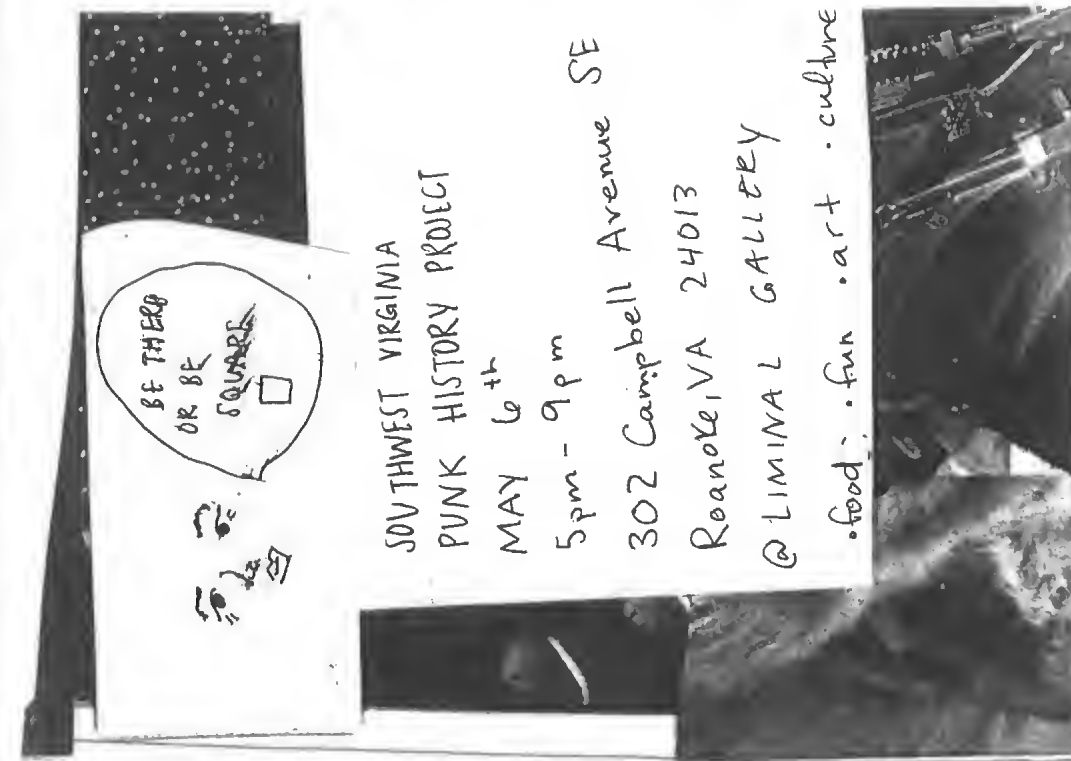
Imogene Engine's long-awaited *Collected Works* is almost poised to go into print with mOnocle-Lash, followed this fall by Retorico Unentesi's transmutations of Nerval, heavily supplemented with commentary by Roanoke's Jim Leftwich. On the distant horizon for mOnocle-Lash: *Philothée O'Neddy: Brigand of Thought* anthology, a book on avant-garde parenting, and other Post-Neo, Revenant, and otherwise enticing publications—[monoclelash.wordpress.com](http://monoclelash.wordpress.com)

Whatever happened to *Lick Run* TLP zine?  
It was pretty cool. Just sayin'....

Roanoke zinester Alijah Webb has started a zine by and for local teens! But she might let even an old person get a copy if you nicely at [phosphatezine@gmail.com](mailto:phosphatezine@gmail.com)



by Joe Abel & Amy Oliver



Jonas Fricke @ ArtRat Studios, Roanoke  
4/16/16 (A.D. 2007)



## Roanoke Anti-News

*March–July A.Da. 100*

*(2016 in the Pope's or Jerry Faldwell's reckoning)*

The Spring has been a time of stupid talk about stupid and non-existent invasions (and silence about real ones), and the summer may continue the trend. (So might the century.)

Most importantly of **all**, Roanoke is preparing itself for an avant-garde invasion, in which swarms of ne'er-dowells shall descend upon us on July 7–10 for **AfterMAF** 2016. We are currently on the watch for a Grimm mail artist shooting BBs, the fork-linting Bennett Gang, some unfortunate Accidental Seabirds, a man with a Vaast Bin, Tatsuya Nakatani, a Reid of Wood (not the other Reed), and Flandrew Fleisenberg and Jim Strong with dizzying sounds. If the absent Sdog of Chance will it, they shall be joined by Evan Damerow (striding mightily across the land), Julian Mathews (who shall appear suddenly, in a cloud of smoke) and Tsubasa Berg (following the floating camera). The Prodigal sons in Dad's Milk return to Roanoke to help meet the assault, which every loony crack-pot avant bastard in the Roanoke Valley will greet with howls and zines and broken things.

These forces of darkness have assailed Jules Vasylenko's blinkered eyes, and he spent some time in hospital this spring, and more time cursing the light. He has battered through it with Northern British grit. His saxophones are becoming nervous again.

Art Rat Studios has been promised two more years of existence! But the rather worrying clandestine activities perpetuated there have caused a hike in their expense. A bit of attention to the donations jar will help to keep events free for all us freeloading geezers.

It has been reported that Olchar Lindsann has begun taking lessons in sound poetry from Juanita Chriss. This (quite) young virtuoso has attracted much adoration in Roanoke of late, and it is hoped that her poetic power will not be lost when she progresses to diphthongs, much less two-syllable words.

Matt Ames returned briefly from his desert palace, where he apparently lives with Scheherezade, to make a presentation to stockholders of Philosoply Inc. The organisation is built on quicksand.

Tomislav Butkovic spends much of his time in his restroom lately, swishing around photographic chemicals to print archaic versions of telephone-picturegraphs, while brooding over MacKenzie Wark.

The Roanoke Punk community invaded the Liminal Gallery in May, attempting to drown everybody there in an endless blast of flyers, zines, albums, photos, set-lists and assorted other shit accumulated for the occasion since 1979. It was later found that they had accomplices within: Simon Nolen, Warren Fry, and Olchar E. Lindsann.

Real Estate Developers continued to expand their invasion of the Roanoke City Council, and will keep spearheading the invasion of working-class neighbourhoods with white 20-something medical technicians who jog 8 miles each day with their dogs and talk about Breadcraft for 40 minutes each day.

The rest of the world follows Roanoke's example: One of our two appointed Figure-Heads-in-State in the upcoming mock-election promises to stop some kind of Mexican invasion he seems to think is underway, while the other promises to invade Middle-Eastern countries as if they were levels in a video game (extra levels courtesy of the Virginia Tech Drone Development Program). The power-centres of Europe are being mercilessly invaded, they complain, by the starving families escaping Europe's economic invasions of their own homes. "No backsies!" cries Britain, and kicks itself out of the continent.

Bernie Sanders and Jeremy Corbyn are getting drunk next month.



**mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press**

*July A.Da. 100*